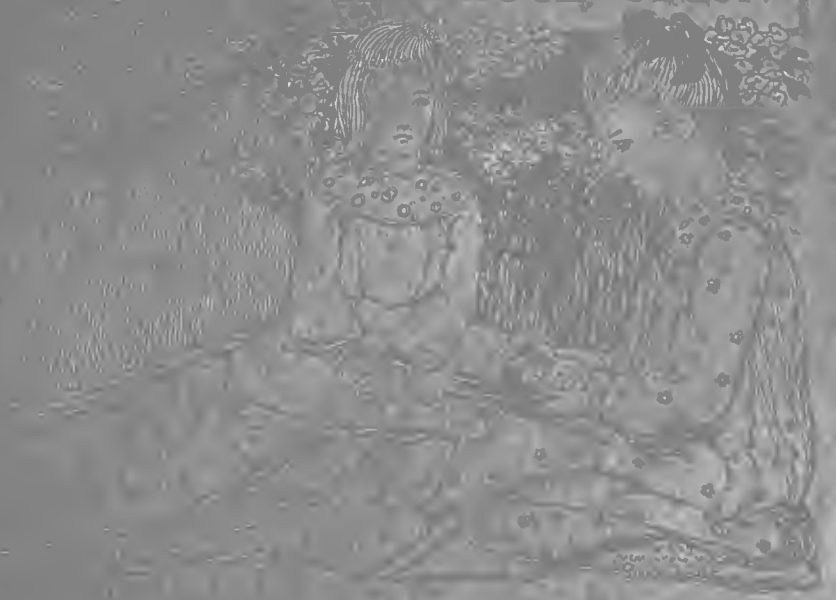


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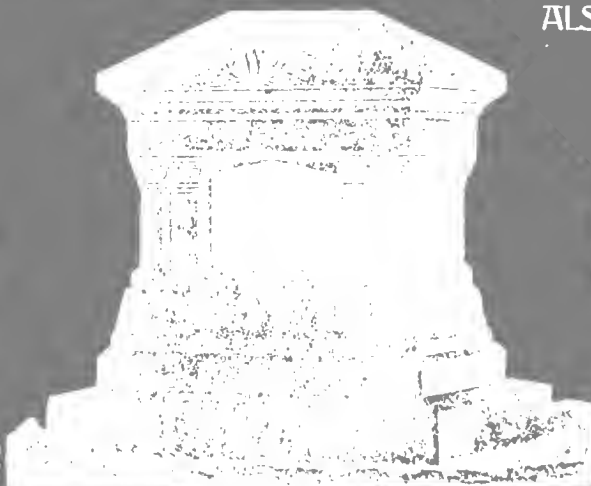
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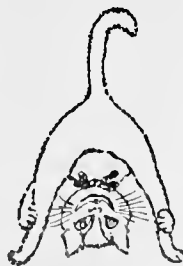
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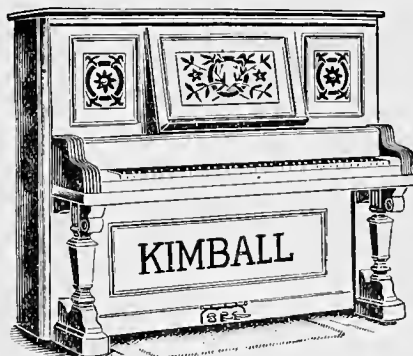
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ORGAN OF THE  
DESERET SUNDAY  
SCHOOL UNION

VOL. XXXVII.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 15, 1902.

No. 2.

## A PAIR OF WHITE PIGEONS.

**W**HAT a dull, gray November afternoon it was! The sky was dark and lowering, the wind came from the north in fitful gusts, swaying the leafless branches of the trees to and fro, and causing the brown leaves to scurry here and there, as if they were seeking some quiet nook to lie in before the long threatened snow-storm came and covered them up.

Mr. Gray—or Farmer Gray, as he was more commonly called—sat in his room before a table strewn with papers, busily engaged in looking over a long list of accounts.

Evidently the result of his task did not please him, for every now and then he frowned heavily, and ran his fingers through his hair in a troubled, worried manner.

Presently, pushing back his chair from the table, he sat looking gloomily out of the window.

"Dear me," said he to himself, "I must cut down my expenses in some way or other. Why, I had no idea those bills would mount up so. I declare, what with taxes and bills for this thing, and for that, there is scarcely anything left in the fall for a farmer after a long, hard summer's work," and he drew a long

sigh, which the rising wind seemed to echo as it came whistling down the chimney.

Farmer Gray was not a poor man. Far from it. If you could look from the window in front of his home you would see many broad acres of beautiful land belonging to him; and behind the house were well-stocked barnyards, granaries filled to overflowing, horses and cattle—in fact he was called one of the wealthiest men in the county.

His neighbors would have told you, had you asked their opinion of him, that he was also one of the closest, hardest men in the vicinity, one to whom the beauties and blessings of life meant nothing, unless he could turn them to pecuniary benefit to himself; a man indeed whose sole aim and object in life seemed to be that of adding more riches to the wealth which he had already acquired.

We shall see whether his neighbors' words concerning him were true or not.

As he sat thus absorbed in busy thoughts, he did not hear the door behind him open softly, nor know that someone had entered the room, until a voice beside him said:

"Father, will you please give me fifty cents?"

Farmer Gray wheeled around in his chair and looked sharply at the intruder.

It was his son Roland, a boy of twelve years, who stood beside him,—a fine, manly little fellow, whom almost any father would have been proud to call his son; but there was no look of pride in Farmer Gray's eyes as they rested on the lad; only a look of stern disapproval.

"What do you want with fifty cents?" he asked, sharply.

"To buy a pair of white pigeons of Sam Wilson," answered the boy, nervously twirling the old straw hat which he held, round and round his fingers.

"Sam Wilson! How many times must I tell you that I do not want you running around with that rascally little scamp?" demanded his father.

"I have not been anywhere with him, father," with an honest look from the dark eyes; "but you see as I came from school I stopped for just a moment to look at his flock of pigeons, and he saw me, and came out to where I was, and told me he would sell me his best pair for fifty cents, and—and," eagerly, "may I have them, father?"

"No," answered the farmer, in a short decisive tone, "I have no money to waste on such nonsense. Pigeons indeed! Last week it was that great pup of Bert Sanders you wanted, and this week it is pigeons. I wonder what it will be next."

"But father," in a low voice, "you know you wouldn't let me have the pup."

"Let you have it! Of course I wouldn't. What do I want with a great hungry dog around here, eating us out of house and home, and of no earthly use either? Come, do not trouble me any more with your foolishness; I am very busy;" and so saying the farmer turned again towards the table.

"But father," pleaded the boy, draw-

ing a little nearer, and laying his hand gently on his father's sleeve, "if you will only let me have them I will not ask you for anything again for ever so long, and I *would* like them so much. They are such beauties, you know—white all over with not a speck of color on them, and"—

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted the man, impatiently turning away from the touch of the small, eager fingers, "but I tell you I cannot let you have the money for them, so there is no use talking about it any longer. Come now, go to your work. I want you to finish piling up that cornfodder tonight, I am afraid it will snow before morning," and he hastily turned his eyes away from the grieved, disappointed look on Roland's face as he slowly quitted the room.

For some time after his son had gone, Farmer Gray busied himself with his writing, but somehow, try as he might, he did not seem to get along very well with his work. Again and again did he go over the same columns of figures without seeming able to grasp their meaning, and once or twice he let the pen slip from his fingers, and sat gazing straight before him.

Was it the memory of his boy's sorrowful face that came between him and the sheet of paper, or what was it that so disturbed him? At last, after several vain attempts to center his thoughts on the pages before him, he laid down his pen saying to himself, "I think I must be tired. There is no hurry for those accounts anyhow, and I can finish them in the morning."

As he drew his chair nearer to the fire in the grate he muttered, "White pigeons! Whatever put it into the boy's head to want white pigeons?" and leaning back in his seat, he closed his eyes and gave himself up to his thoughts.

Surely, at first they must have been

pleasant ones, for gradually the look of care and worry left his face; the hard lines disappeared from around his mouth, and once or twice he smiled.

Pleasant? Ah, yes indeed; for memory had taken him back through the long years, to the home of his boyhood; bringing to his mind dear old scenes and recollections which in the busy whirl of later years he had well nigh forgotten.

Slowly the room wherein he sat faded from before his eyes and he stood, a boy once more, in the farmyard of the old home in far off Vermont, where he and his twin brother Teddy had lived with their widowed mother.

It is summer again and the soft breeze brings to him the sweet scent of the old-fashioned flowers in his mother's garden, and he hears the sound of the mowers in the lower field cutting the tall grass, and, hark! what sound is that near him? In reality it was only the wind as it whirled around the house, but to this man, half dreaming in his chair, it surely seemed like the soft whirr of pigeons' wings.

Pigeons! yes indeed, dozens and dozens of them, and as he seemed to see them fluttering and darting about, there came to him again a thrill of the old delight in watching their graceful movements—a thrill which sent the blood bounding through his veins in a manner he had not experienced since those glad, old days when life had seemed one long joyous holiday. Teddy's pigeons and his! Ah, how proud they had been in that long ago of their flock of white birds! No other boys in the neighborhood, they told themselves, had such beautiful pets as they, and through the long, bright summer days, what pleasure could be compared to that which they had felt in watching over and caring for their beloved pigeons? He smiled as he called to mind some of the names which they

had given to their favorites—names which to their boyish fancies seemed exactly suited to the white beauties. How well he remembered them! First there was one whom they had christened George Washington, because he seemed to be a leader among the rest; then there was Thomas Jefferson, and Abraham Lincoln, and so on, down through the long list of heroes whom they had learned about in the old brick school house on the hill.

Lower and lower sank the head of Farmer Gray on his breast; and as the tide of old memories surged over him, stirring his heart like the sweet strains of long-forgotten music, there grew up within him a great longing for the presence of those dear ones who had made life so beautiful to him in that happy past;—a longing to hear once more the clear ringing voice of his brother calling to him as in those olden days, or better, sweeter still, his mother's loving, gentle tones, or to feel the soft touch of her hand again, but alas! how vain was his wish, for he knew that the cold November wind must even then be sweeping over two lonely graves far away,—those of Teddy and his mother—graves which for long years had been grass-grown and cruelly neglected.

Dear, light-hearted Teddy, whose soul was as pure and spotless as the white pigeons which he loved so well, and whose young life was cut short by a terrible fever which was raging in the village at that time, bringing sorrow and desolation to many a household.

Again Farmer Gray sighed as in his mind he lived over once more the long, weary days and nights when he and his mother, assisted by some kind neighbor, had watched beside poor Teddy's bedside as he tossed and turned in feverish pain which he had borne so patiently.

Then at last there came a time,—it

was in the gray dawn of an early spring morning when Teddy had asked to be lifted to the window that he might watch the pigeons as they came for their morning bath in the watering trough in the yard.

Long and wistfully he had watched them as they splashed and fluttered about in the water, and then, as if realizing that never again would he stand among them, he had turned to his brother, who stood near, and with his poor, thin hand he drew him down to where he lay, whispering faintly, "Be good to the pigeons, won't you, Billy?"

Those were his last words, for he soon after passed away with a smile on his lips which had made them think of the angels. They laid him in a sunny corner of the old churchyard, and it was not long before their dear old mother was laid to rest close beside him, and to the lonely, heartbroken boy left behind it had seemed that all the joy and beauty had forever been stricken from his life.

At his mother's death the old home and all pertaining to it had passed into the hands of a wealthy man living in the next town who had for years held a mortgage on the place, and friendless, homeless, he, a mere boy, had gone out into the world to fight the battle of life alone.

How vividly impressed upon his mind was that day long ago, when he had wandered about the place bidding good-bye to all the dear old familiar objects, at last turning his footsteps towards the barn, where he had slowly climbed up into the loft and stood for the last time among the dearly loved pigeons.

How they had fluttered about him, alighting on his hands and arms and cooing a welcome to him until he could stand it no longer, and throwing himself down upon a pile of hay, he had sobbed out the sorrow in a fit of uncontrollable

boyish grief. Ah, how dark and dreary life had seemed to him that day!

As he lay there heartbroken and miserable he had felt a soft touch on his sleeve, and lifting his head he saw that Lady Bird, Teddy's favorite pigeon, had alighted on his arm. Putting out his other hand he had drawn the bird tenderly to him, and when, a little later, he started on his long journey towards the city, Lady Bird was buttoned up carefully inside his coat, taken as a loving remembrance of her little master sleeping so quietly on the hillside, and of the dear old home forever left behind.

Poor, pretty Lady Bird! In the dreary days that followed when he had wandered up and down the country seeking employment, she was his sole comfort; to her he had confided all his sorrows,—for to his home-sick, boyish heart the bird seemed gifted with almost human intelligence. But tender and solicitous as his care had been, such a wandering life did not agree with her, for day by day she drooped and pined, until one morning—he remembered it was in a barn where a kind farmer had given him permission to sleep—he awoke to find her stiff and dead beside him on the hay.

Ah, what a long time ago that was! To Farmer Gray it almost seemed as though it was some other boy of whom he was thinking, and not himself who had sobbed and mourned so that morning years ago, over the body of the dead pigeon, grieving as though he had lost the last friend he had in the world, as indeed it had seemed to him then.

Somehow with the pigeon's life the last link binding him to the old life seemed to be forever snapped asunder. How swiftly the years had passed since then—years in which he had put the better part of his nature aside, growing more hard and stern as time rolled on, living only that he might win in the hard

battle which he had fought with poverty and obscurity—a struggle in which he had finally come off victorious. But after all had it been the best way to live, he wondered? If his mother and Teddy had lived would his course in life have met with their approval? And had his hard-earned riches brought him joy and peace of mind? Could all the wealth which he now possessed purchase for him one hour of such pure happiness as he had known in those old days before his heart had been stirred with any ambitious dreams for the future?

The farmer moved uneasily in his chair; the wind rattling at the window, and the sound of the bare branches outside scraping against the wall as they swayed to and fro being the only answer that came to his reflections.

Finally, rousing himself from the fit of deep abstraction into which he had fallen, he bent forward to replenish the fire in the grate which had nearly gone out, asking himself as he did so what it was that had put such strange thoughts into his head today, and why it was, after so many years, that those old memories of the dead and gone past should be brought so forcibly to his mind.

Ah, he remembered now, it was Roland's request for money with which to buy white pigeons. Well, well, the boy should have his wish. It was, of course, very foolish in him, he told himself, but for the sake of old times, he would for this once indulge the lad in his nonsense.

As he came to this conclusion he raised his eyes to the portrait of a gentle faced woman hanging on the wall above him, as if half expecting to see a pleased look upon the pictured face.

It was a portrait of his wife, who in dying twelve years before, had placed little Roland, then but a few days old, and their only child, in his arms, whis-

pering, "Be good to our boy, William, and—and, don't be too hard on him!"

Hard on him! Why had she said those words to him? he wondered now as he had done many times since her death. Had she, in the few short years which she had spent with him, learned to her sorrow, that he was very apt to be hard on all who came under his control?

He passed his hand in a tired manner over his face as there came no answer to this old, oft repeated question; then as if to divert his thoughts from the subject, he turned his eyes to the dull, leaden-hued sky without. As he did so he noticed for the first time that the short, gloomy afternoon was fast drawing to a close.

"Mercy on us!" he cried, starting from his chair; "why it is nearly night, and here I have sat idly dreaming away the whole afternoon. Well, well, I must go to the barn and see how Black Selim is getting along, for to my mind he has been a little off his feed for the last few days." So saying he put on his coat and hat, and left the room.

Outside as he turned the corner of the house, a heavy gust of wind caught the hat from his head, whirling it several yards away into the midst of a large flock of turkeys, who quickly gathered around it, gobbling lustily, as if enquiring what the thing could be, but he soon rescued his property, and drawing it more firmly on his head, proceeded to the barn.

As he entered the building, several sleek, fat cows looked up sleepily from where they stood in their stalls, and the big span of gray horses whinnied slightly, but he passed them by, going on down to where a beautiful black colt stood contentedly munching the feed of oats before him.

This was Black Selim, the pride of

his master's heart, and for whom he had several time refused fabulous sums of money.

For several moments Farmer Gray stood anxiously regarding the animal, slowly passing his hands along the shiny, satiny sides, and smoothing the silky mane with his fingers, then said in a relieved tone of voice, "I guess I was mistaken, old fellow; I believe you are all right after all," and giving him another pat, was turning away when voices on the other side of the board partition arrested his attention, and he paused. As he recognized the voice of one of the speakers a look of deep annoyance crossed his face, and as some of the words spoken caught his ear, he leaned forward, looking through a crack between the boards into the space beyond. Seated on a box in one corner he saw his son Roland, and on a pile of hay in front of him sat Sam Wilson, his red hair and freckled face lit up by the slanting rays of light which came through a small window in the west.

Evidently the boys were engaged in a dispute of some kind, for there was an angry gleam in Roland's dark eyes, while on Sam's face was a sullen look of defiance.

"I don't care what you say," the latter was saying, "your father is one of the meanest, stingiest men in the hull country. Everybody will tell you the same thing. Why, I heard some of the men talkin' about it in the store the other day, and they said they didn't believe he had give five dollars in all to the poor since he has lived in these parts: and if ever there is a donation wanted for the church or anything like that, you can just bet his name won't be on the list. Gee whiz! It's my opinion that he's most too stingy to eat all he wants to."

"That isn't true about his never giving anything to the poor," quickly retorted

Roland, "for last winter when poor Joe Sanders' house burned down, and all his children were sick with scarlet fever, I know my father gave some money to help them out."

"Yes, but how much did he give?" drawled Sam contemptuously. "A hull dollar! I *know* that's true, for I was stealin' a ride on the back of Jim Williams' buggy when he went round for subscriptions, and when he stopped here I saw your father give him a dollar, and he held it in his hand a long time after he took it from his pocket jest like he hated to part with it. And poor as my dad is he gave two and a half."

"Well, I don't care, he's a good father anyway," loyally answered Roland; "he does lots of things for me. Why it was only last summer that he let me go and spend a whole month at Uncle Seth's, and—

"Now wasn't that good of him!" interrupted the other with a mocking laugh; "My thunder, what a soft kid you are! Don't you see it didn't cost him anything for your board while you was gone? I shouldn't think you'd stick up for him anyhow for he never lets you have a dog or a pet of any kind on the place 'cos it takes too much to feed 'em. And now he says he can't afford to give you that fifty cents. Oh, my stars!" and rolling a handful of hay into a ball, he threw it at a speckled hen who was looking inquiringly at him from her perch in the corner.

"Well, Sam," said Roland in a low voice, "it's like this. It's been such a long time since he was a boy himself, that I guess he has kind of forgot how bad a fellow wants things sometimes."

"Forgot!" derisively, "yes, if he ever knew! But I don't believe he ever was a boy. I believe he's always been the same old full-grown, stingy skinflint that he is now."



For answer Roland quickly jumped from his seat on the box, and stood before Sam, his slight, boyish form drawn to its full height, and his dark eyes flashing angrily.

"Don't you say that again, Sam Wilson, or—I don't care if you are older and lots bigger than I am—I'll give you a thrashing!"

"Thrash me!" Sam straightened himself up, a look of amazement overspreading his freckled face; then as if something in the situation struck him as being very funny, he threw himself flat on his back and burst into a shout of laughter, rolling over and over in the hay in a perfect convulsion.

Presently, partly composed, he sat up, but one glance into the flushed, angry face before him, only served to provoke his mirth the more, and, throwing himself back again, he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks, and the heavy rafters overhead fairly rang with the mocking sound. Finally, however, he stopped laughing and resumed his seat on the hay.

"Oh dear," he gasped, "you're enough to give a feller a fit! Say kid," wiping his eyes on his shabby coat sleeve, "you musn't look at me like that again. I might explode, you know, and then where'd you be? Besides, don't you know I could lick you with one hand?"

"I don't care," answered Roland, who was still very angry, "you have no right to speak of my father in that way."

"Well, maybe I ain't," said Sam in a conciliatory tone, "anyhow I didn't come here to scrap with you, but to talk business," with an important air; "you see, kid, it's like this," emphasizing each word with his right forefinger on the palm of the other hand, "you want fifty cents and your father won't give it to you. Now, though you *are* such a soft one you must know where your father

keeps his money—and a jolly, big pile of it he must have somewhere, too. Now, I'll tell you what to do," lowering his voice, "you watch your chance, and when your dad ain't around you just slip in to the place where he keeps his loose cash, take fifty cents, bring it to me, and I'll let you have that pair of white beauties I showed you today. See?"

For a moment there was perfect silence in the barn, and to the man listening so intently behind the partition, it seemed that even the animals in their stalls had stopped eating, and stood listening to hear Roland's answer. At last it came.

"I—I don't think I understand you, Sam," he said in a low, troubled tone, "you—you surely don't mean for me to steal it?"

"Steal it! Great scott, of course not! I don't call it by that name. I call it just takin' what belongs to you by rights. Ain't you his son, and hadn't he orter give you things when you want 'em, and besides the money'll all be yours some day anyhow, that is if you live longer than the old skin—there, there, I won't say that again," as the dark eyes flashed ominously, "but, anyway, he'd never miss such a small amount, and if he wants to know where you got the pigeons, just tell him I give 'em to you, or something like that, and—"

"Stop!" Roland's voice was no longer low and faltering, but rang out loud and clear. "I understand you now, Sam Wilson, and my father was right when he called you a scamp. Do you think I would *steal* for the sake of a pair of pigeons? Let me tell you right now," with head thrown proudly back and looking fearlessly into the eyes of his tempter, "I would not do as you tell me to do for your whole flock, no, nor for all the pigeons in the country."

As he finished speaking Roland noticed

a startled look pass over Sam's shame-faced countenance, and turning round he felt his father's hand on his arm, and heard him saying in a strange, husky voice:

"My brave, noble boy! God be praised for giving me such a son!" Roland wondered why his father's voice trembled so, and why he turned so abruptly away and busied himself for a moment in a farther corner of the barn.

Soon, however, he came back to where the boys had stood together, but Sam had silently disappeared.

"Well, let him go," said the farmer softly to himself. "Somehow I don't feel like judging the lad very harshly, for he has only shown me the other side of the story, and opened my eyes to a great many things that I never thought of before;" then drawing nearer to his son, who looked as if he hardly knew whether to follow Sam's example, and leave the barn or not, he laid his hand on the dark head, saying kindly:

"You were quite right, my boy, it *has* been so long since I was a boy, that I *had* well nigh forgotten how much a shaver like you thinks of dogs and pigeons and things, but I mean to remember after this;" then after a slight pause he went on:

"I am going to the city in the morning, and I know of a man there who has lots of pigeons to sell, and if you wish you may go with me and choose as many as you like for your own and I will pay for them."

A look of great wonderment came over Roland's face. "Father," he half whispered, "do you really mean it, or are you only joking?"

"No, my son, I mean it, and after this when you want anything don't be afraid to come and speak to your father about it."

Roland gave vent to his delight by

executing a sort of war dance, and throwing his old hat high in the air making it look more dilapidated than ever; then with a look from the dark eyes more expressive than words, he said quietly, "Thank you, father," and went to finish his evening's chores.

Shortly afterwards, as the farmer was passing through the barn on his way to the house, he overheard his son saying softly to the little Jersey heifer as he gave her her evening meal of fragrant clover hay:

"You see, bossy, I *knew* he was all right, only he didn't understand about those pigeons, that was all," and somehow the implicit confidence in himself expressed in the words, touched a chord somewhere in the father's heart, and he resolved, then and there, that he would in the future be more deserving of his son's trust, and henceforth would be "all right."

For some time after the incident in the barn which we have related, Sam Wilson studiously avoided both Farmer Gray and his son, evidently being in much dread of the former's displeasure.

One day he was cutting across the frosty fields, on his way to a large ice pond which lay just beyond Mr. Gray's place. The weather had turned very cold, and he was trying to keep warm by going on a run, his skates hung from his arm, and his hands were thrust deep down into his pockets. Suddenly something across the field seemed to attract his attention, and he came to a short stop, his face puckered up into a funny look of astonishment.

He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, he was quite right, and there sure enough by the side of Farmer Gray's barn was a neat, new dove-cot, and on the roof of the barn, fluttering and strutting about in the frosty sunshine, was a small flock of beautiful pigeons.

"Great guns! What's up?" muttered Sam, "I wonder what's come over the old man!"

And Sam was not the only one in the days that followed, who wondered what had "come over" Mr. Gray to change him so, for the neighbors no longer found him a hard, unsocial man, but a kind, friendly neighbor, and in time of need, a helpful, sympathizing friend.

But perhaps the one who felt the change in his father most was little Roland, for between father and son there now existed the most perfect love and

confidence, the old feeling of constraint being forever swept away from the boy's mind. His father even befriended poor, misguided Sam Wilson, helping him to a position where he could grow up an honest man.

As time passed on the neighbors ceased to wonder at the happy change in the Gray household, and they never found out the cause of it, but you and I, dear reader, know it was all brought about by "A Pair of White Pigeons."

*Jennie Roberts.*



### THE GENEROUS HATIM.

**H**ATIM Fai was an Arab chief who lived before Mohammed. His great generosity had made him very noted throughout the East.

Numan, king of Yemen, became violently jealous of Hatim because of his great reputation. The envious king, thinking it easier to destroy him than to surpass him in generosity, sent one of his courtiers to rid him of his hated rival.

The courtier hastened to the desert where the Arabs were encamped. He discovered their tents at a distance, but as he had never seen Hatim, he wished to obtain a knowledge of his person without exposing himself to suspicion. As he advanced, meditating upon his design, he was met by a man of pleasing appearance who invited him to his tent. Accepting the invitation, the courtier was charmed with the politeness of his reception. After a splendid repast he offered to take leave, but the Arab entreated him to prolong his visit.

"Generous stranger," answered the king's officer, "I am overwhelmed by your kindness; but an affair of great importance obliges me to depart."

"Might it be possible for you," replied the Arab, "to tell me this affair, which seems so much to interest you? You are a stranger in this place; if I can be of any assistance to you, freely command me."

The courtier decided to avail himself of this offer of his host, and made known the commission he had received from king Numan. "But how," continued he, "shall I, who have never seen Hatim, execute my orders? Bring me to knowledge of him, and add this to your other favors."

"I have promised you my service," answered the Arab. "Behold I am a slave to my word. Strike!" said he, uncovering his bosom. "Shed the blood of Hatim, and may my death gratify the wish of your king, and bring you the reward you hope for. But the moments

are precious; defer not the execution of your king's command, and depart with all possible speed. The darkness will aid your escape from the revenge of my friends."

These words were as a thunderbolt to the courtier. Struck with a sense of his crime and the greatness of Hatim, he fell down on his knees exclaiming, "God forbid that I should lay a hand on you to harm you! Nothing shall ever urge me to such baseness." He then left the

tent and took the road back to Yemen.

The cruel monarch, at the sight of his favorite courtier, demanded the head of Hatim, but the officer could only give him a faithful account of what had passed. King Numan, in astonishment, cried out, "It is with justice, O Hatim! that the world reveres you as a kind of divinity. Men instigated by a sentiment of generosity may bestow their whole fortune; but to be willing to sacrifice life is an action above humanity." C.



### HEALED OF ERYSIPELAS.

**M**Y mother, who is a woman of great faith, once said in fast meeting that she didn't think the Latter-day Saints needed to call in doctors when they were sick.

Shortly afterwards, when I was about four years of age, I was taken sick with erysipelas. Everything that had been heard of that was good for that disease was done for me, but I continued to grow worse. I was administered to by the priesthood who promised that I should get well. Just as soon as the Elders would leave, however, a fear would come over my mother, and a voice seemed to say to her, "If you don't get a doctor the boy will die."

My father had great faith, and as he was working near the house my mother would send for him four or five times a day and when he was there her fears would be somewhat quieted, but just as soon as he would leave her the feeling of fear would return, and the same voice would repeat, "If you don't get a doctor the boy will die."

One night my grandmother and aunt

came to sit up with me, still my mother could not go to bed and rest, so sure did she feel that I would die. Towards morning my breath became shorter and shorter and a film gathered over my eyes. When my father saw my condition he sank upon the bed convulsed with sobs and my mother tried to comfort him. Then he arose and went out alone and consecrated some oil. When he came back he poured it right into my eyes and then on my head, and dedicated me to the Lord, for I had ceased to breathe.

Mother left the room to go and pray alone, and my brother went to a neighbor's to tell them that I was dead. On the way, however, the thought came to him that I was not dead and he knelt down and prayed for me and then continued on his way.

Father had just finished administering to me when mother returned to the room. I raised my right hand, and dropped it down, then raised the other, and dropped it also, and began to feel around on the bed.

My grandmother now remembered that she had put a little toy horse into my hand when she first came, and seeing me feeling around she said, "Maybe he is hunting for that little horse." Mother had the toy in her hand at the time, so she put it into mine. Then I struggled to arise, and when I was raised up by loving hands I opened my eyes.

My aunt held up something in front of me, upon which I fixed my eyes, and then held out my hand for it. She gave me a piece of bread, and when my brother who had been to the neighbor's returned, I was sitting up eating. My

mother now exclaimed, "Doubt no more."

From that time they used nothing but consecrated oil, consuming a bottle every twenty-four hours. The erysipelas traveled up my back and then gathered under my arm and broke there, and the disease entirely left me.

The above has been related to me by my mother many times. I am now sixteen years of age, and I know that I was healed in my infancy by the power of the Lord, and I have seen His power made manifest many times since.

*Joseph Clegg.*

Mapleton, Utah, December 14th, 1901.



### A LIVING STORY INSTEAD OF DEAD.

"Please tell us a story, Papa, Papa—  
A story, of something strange and afar;  
'Tis a stormy night—and never a star  
Shines in the dark overhead.  
But here, with dear mother, the fire is bright,  
She will sit and sew by the soft lamplight—  
The lessons are learned, and 'tis just the night  
For stories," the children said.

"A story, my little ones?—what shall it be?  
A hunt in the mountains—a ship lost at sea?—  
Or a tale of the fairies?" "Oh tell us all three,"  
Together the children said.  
"The wreck is for Richard, who loves the sea  
well;  
The nice fairy story for sweet baby Nell;  
And the hardest hunt you ever can tell,  
For Robert and Will, and Fred."

The father smuggled the little form  
Of the boy on his knee while the rushing  
storm,  
Angry at seeing them snug and warm,  
Rattled at window and door;  
The older ones eager, as children are,  
For a stirring tale for the strange and far,  
Just to be near the dear Mama,  
Crept to her feet on the floor.

A picture to sorrowful eyes beguile;  
Fair in the light of a mother's smile—  
They made—as they waited and watched the  
while

For—"once upon a time."  
But, ere it was spoken, a sound—half pain,  
Louder and sadder than sobbing rain,  
Rose and trembled and died again,  
In broken and tremulous rhyme.

'Twas the voice of a child, in a southern tongue,  
Singing a song— in the vineyards sung,  
In a sunny land the flowers among—

And the listening children heard;  
And their hearts went out through rain and mist,  
Through winds that muttered and sleet that  
hissed,

To search for the sweet child—mouth un-kissed,  
That sang like a summer bird.

Dark locks shadowed her dusky eyes,  
Troubled and full of sweet surprise;  
The sad voice gladdened in low replies.

As round her the children pressed,  
They warmed in their own her bare brown hand,  
They made her a place in the household band,  
They gave her a glimpse of her own fair land,  
In comfort, and love, and rest.

## THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

They found her beggared, and poor, and mean,  
 They took her in to the sweet home-scene,  
 This fair young girl with her tambourine—  
     Out of the pitiless night.  
 The mother-heart gave her mother care;—  
 Each child-heart sought its gift to share;—  
 They taught her the meaning of love and prayer.  
     And lead her into the light.

The longed-for stories were left unsaid,  
 The children, snugly asleep in bed,  
 Had lived a wondrous tale instead,  
     Though little their young hearts guessed—  
 That work for fairies their hands had wrought,  
 That sweetest lesson their act had taught.  
 That through the might of their kindly thought,  
     A whole sad life was blessed.

*Mary Lowz Dickinson.*



## CHURCH SCHOOL EDUCATION.

**T**HE recent Church School convention held in Salt Lake City was largely attended by teachers of Church Schools from different parts of Utah and from Idaho. It was a representative body, and all of the meetings showed the intense interest which Church School education has awakened among our leading educators. It is not the intention here to review the wonderful growth which this movement has made, nor to contrast the difference that exists between the earliest efforts made by our late beloved Dr. Maeser at Provo in 1876, and the condition of these schools as they exist today. There is hardly any department of work in the Church that has not felt for years the strong and healthful influence of these institutions of learning. The highest testimony and praise however come from the presidents of missions, who have had ample opportunity to note the great advantage a young man has who has been trained in one of the Church Schools.

The advantage is not purely an intellectual one, but goes to the question of one's faith, and the fixed determination with which young people leave these laudable institutions of learning.

The Church Schools have very clearly

shown that it is not enough, by a system of education, to prevent young people from leaving the Church, but they have clearly shown how necessary a strong and progressive faith is to the happiness and usefulness of its recipients. It is not too much to say that no schools of which the Latter-day Saints may avail themselves are so strong as character builders as our Church Schools. Man's character is not fully and regularly built without a religious as well as an intellectual training. Young people must be taught to feel as well as to think; and strong, healthy, religious convictions make for success in all directions of life as well as extended knowledge that comes from a purely secular education.

That the Church School has met the expectation of its founder, President Brigham Young, and continued to receive the aid and encouragement of those who have succeeded him is fully attested by the confidence those have who have been its patrons. As a people it is our business to promote faith in the world, and no instrumentality has been found to be more efficient in promoting faith among the youth of Zion than the religious education obtained from the Church Schools.

One of the chief objects of the recent

convention was to bring about uniformity in results by adopting uniform plans and text books. It was also thought advisable to get up a system of registration and class records that would bring about further uniformity in the schools. The superintendent can then have a more intelligent supervision of the work done and compare the stand-

ing of the schools more intelligently. The proposed plans and text books to be adopted will be announced in time for all the schools to avail themselves of the results of the convention before the catalogues of the various schools for the school year 1902-3 are published.

*J. M. Tanner.*



## OUR MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

### THE HONOLULU SUNDAY SCHOOL.



It is not definitely known who was the first superintendent of the Honolulu Sunday School, or exactly when it was organized. The first

report of the Sunday Schools in the Sandwich Islands was received in 1882, and it is understood that the one in Honolulu was then in existence. In the following year (1883) there were nine



THE HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS, SUNDAY SCHOOL.

schools in the mission, with Elder M. E. Pack as mission superintendent. The Honolulu Sunday School has been held in its present quarters, (the church in the back-ground of the picture) since 1888. At present it is graded into six classes. The work is conducted as nearly as possible on the same general plans as prevail in our schools at home, although in some instances that is impossible, owing to limited facilities, but the officers strive to keep in touch with the general authorities. The average attendance is about one hundred, composed of primary, intermediate and theological class students. The Book of Mormon is the work which is much desired by the native people. It is used in the theological department.

Among the later superintendents of this school have been the following: Elders John R. Jolly, William Mendenhall, Louis Jenkins, Thomas A. Waddoups and A. H. Belliston; Elder William M. Waddoups is the present superintendent. The presiding Elder in the Honolulu Conference is usually chosen

as superintendent with two native Elders as assistant superintendents. At present all teachers but one are natives of the islands. One class studies in English in all the others the work is conducted in the Hawaiian language. The school has a standing treasury.

There are two other Latter-day Saint Sunday Schools in different parts of Honolulu which hold regular services. One is called the Waikiki Sunday School, and the other is known as the Kalili Kai Sunday School.



#### THE HULL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

TODAY we have a picture of the Hull, Yorkshire, England, Sunday School. Hull is in the Grimsby Conference of the British Mission. The picture does not do the school full justice as only a part of its members were present when the kodak view was taken; the members shown were taking a holiday in a neighboring park. The total enrollment of the school is eighty-two, with an average attendance of about fifty per cent.



THE HULL, ENGLAND, SUNDAY SCHOOL.



Brother Joseph Woods, a local Elder is superintendent of the school, with Brothers George H. Norman and Hyrum Bull as assistants. Sister Flora Porritt is secretary, with Sister Ethel Duffin assistant. The last "Nickel Day" donation amounted to considerable more than five cents for each of the eighty-two enrolled members.



#### SUNDAY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND.

ONE of the most interesting Sunday Schools in the Church is that wherein the deaf and dumb and also the blind are taught the principles of the Gospel. It is composed of inmates of the State Institution for these unfortunate ones, but is in no way connected therewith. Every child attending the Sunday School has to have the written consent of its parents or guardians, so that the officers of the State Institution are entirely free from any responsibility. A Sunday School being a religious organization, it is generally admitted that it should be entirely separate from all intermingling with the institutions supported by the taxes of the whole people.

A visit to this Sunday School is an interesting occasion and is apt to stir the emotions of the visitors with mingled feelings of pity and pleasure. Pity for the unfortunate children who are bereft of faculties so apparently necessary for the progress and happiness of us all, and pleasure in seeing their mental brightness, the aptness with which they study and the rapid progress which they make in a correct understanding of the principles of the Gospel. We do not believe we are over-estimating their abilities when we say that as a rule they keep fully abreast of the children who can both speak and hear. The loss of the

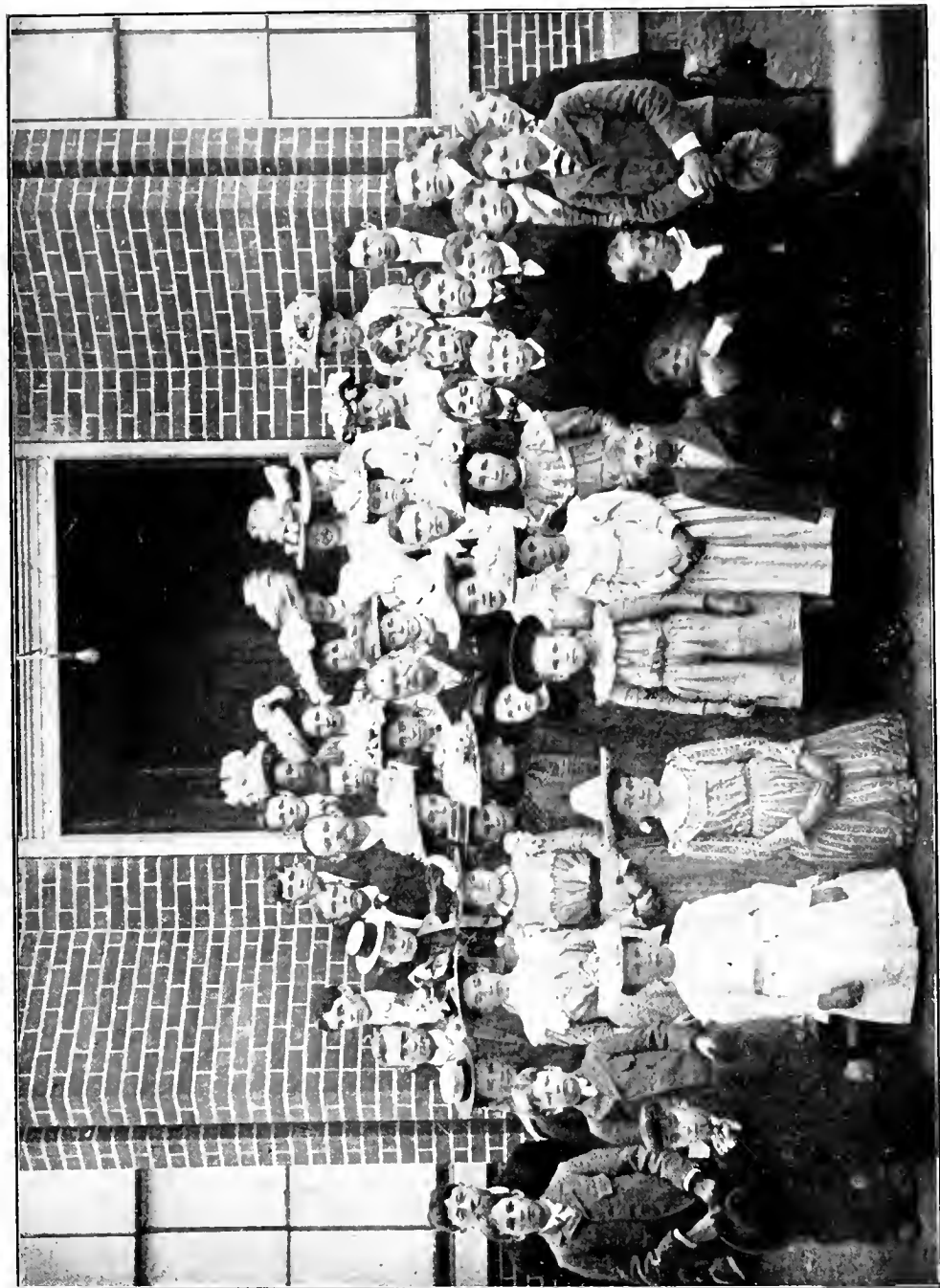
ability to hear and converse apparently quickens, as with the blind, other faculties which in indirect ways largely compensate for the loss of these ordinary means of communication with their fellows. Of course there are cases where other deficiencies prevail, where health is at a low ebb, or deformities exist, in such instances the advancement of the child is relatively slow.

One day in passing to the Sixteenth



ELDER H. C. BARRELL,  
First Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Sunday School

Ward Sunday School Elder H. C. Barrell (whose wife is deaf and dumb) observed that in the school for deaf-mutes, conducted in connection with the Deseret University, there were a number of children of Latter-day Saints who might be benefitted by receiving religious instruction such as is imparted in the Sunday Schools of the Church. The next day he spoke to Stake Superintendent Thomas C. Griggs (who has a daughter



SUNDAY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB AND THE BLIND.

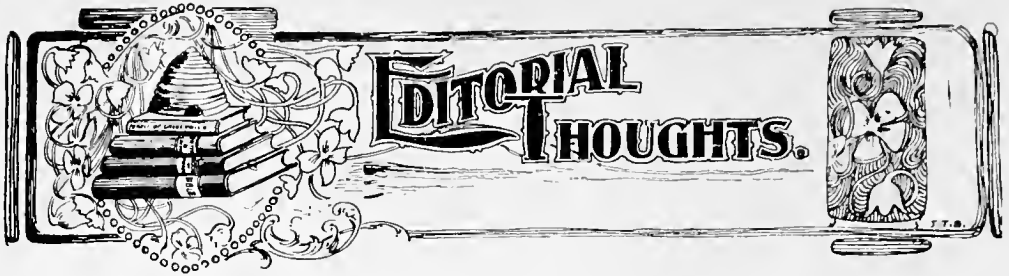
thus afflicted) on the subject. In April, 1891, Elder Griggs was appointed by the Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union to make an investigation regarding the practicability of organizing a Sunday School with such members of the deaf-mute school as were willing to attend. Owing to the lateness of the season—the time for closing the day school for the summer being near at hand—the investigation was postponed for a time. The next season, when the School for deaf-mutes opened, the consent of the board of regents of the State University and of the parents of the children was obtained, and a Sunday School was organized January 10, 1892, with a membership of eleven boys and sixteen girls. The first place of meeting was in the Nineteenth Ward Relief Society building. The School was afterwards moved, first to the old Fifteenth Ward Meeting House, then to the Latter-day Saints' College building on First North Street, Salt Lake City. Elder H. C. Barrell was appointed superintendent and Elder Laron Pratt assistant. The teachers were: theological class, H. C. Barrell and Libbie DeLong; first intermediate, Laron Pratt and John Clark; second intermediate, Nephi Larson; primary department, Amy Devine. Of these, Laron Pratt, John Clark, Libbie DeLong and Amy Devine were themselves deaf-mutes. The Sun-

day School was conducted by these officers during the school term each year until the Deaf-Mute Institute was removed to Ogden. In October, 1896, the school was started again in the school for the Deaf-Mutes and the Blind at that place, but afterwards removed to the Fourth Ward Meeting House, its present resting place. Elder Edwin A. Stratford was appointed superintendent while Elder Laron Pratt continued as assistant.

During this same month, October, 1896, members of the Union Board, with the consent of the board of trustees of the now newly-named Utah State School for the Deaf-Mutes and the Blind, organized a class for the blind in connection with the Deaf-Mute Sunday School. This class now meets with the Fourth Ward, Ogden, regular Sunday School on the Sabbath morning. A number of the blind belonging to this class appear in our illustration.

The total enrollment of the Deaf-Mute Sunday School, including the blind, is sixty-nine, (forty-two boys and twenty-seven girls) with an average attendance of forty-one. Elder Fred W. Chambers is the present superintendent, with Elders Laron Pratt and John Bush as his assistants, Sister Amy Devine is the secretary, and Sisters Taylor, Bush and Maughan and Brother Helem are the teachers.





SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JANUARY 15, 1902.

OFFICERS OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION:

Joseph F. Smith, - - - General Superintendent.  
George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent  
J. M. Tanner, Second Asst. General Superintendent

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD:

Joseph F. Smith	James W. Ure
George Reynolds	John F. Bennett
Joseph M. Tanner	John M. Mills
Thomas C. Griggs	William D. Owen
Joseph W. Summerhays	Seymour B. Young
Levi W. Richards	George D. Pyper
Francis M. Lyman	Henry Peterson
Heber J. Grant	Anthony H. Lund
George Teasdale	John R. Winder
Hugh J. Cannon	James E. Talmage
Andrew Kimball	Geo. M. Cannon
John W. Taylor	Horace Cummings
L. John Nuttall	

George D. Pyper,	- - -	General Secretary
George Reynolds,	- - -	Treasurer
Thomas C. Griggs,	- - -	Business Manager

JOSEPH F. SMITH,	-	EDITOR	JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR
GEORGE REYNOLDS,	- - -	} ASSISTANT EDITORS	
J. M. TANNER,	- - -		
GEORGE D. PYPER,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER	

"THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE."

**W**E have been told of an incident which occurred a few weeks ago, when a Bishop's counselor (and therefore a High Priest,) from a remote settlement, while visiting Salt Lake City, refused to administer to his sister's child who was dangerously sick, for the reason that he was outside his own ward.

This brother must have had a misunderstanding of the authority of his office or he was over diffident. Whatever the cause he was not justified in his refusal. His authority to bless in the name of the Lord was not confined to his ward; no Elder's opportunity for doing a purely good deed should be confined to a ward or any other limit, and when he went into a house and the head of that

household made such a request of him it was clearly not only his privilege or right but his duty to comply. Indeed, we believe that every man holding the Priesthood, in good standing in the Church, who owns a home, is supreme in his own household, and when another brother enters it and he requests the latter to perform any duty consistent with his calling the latter should accede to his wishes; and if there should be anything wrong he who makes the request as the head of the house into which the brother has come, is responsible therefor. If that head of a household asks anything to be done which for the sake of Church discipline, or to fulfill the revelations of the Lord should be placed on the records of the Church, he should see to it that the necessary details are supplied and recorded.

We further believe that the rights of fatherhood in all faithful, worthy men are paramount, and should be recognized by all other men holding positions or callings in the Priesthood. To make this idea plainer we will say, as an example of our idea, we do not consider it proper in a Bishop or other officer to suggest that the son of such a man (the son himself not being the head of a family but living with his father) be called upon a mission without first consulting the father. The Priesthood was originally exercised in the patriarchal order; those who held it exercised their powers firstly by right of their fatherhood. It is so with the great Eloheim. His first and strongest claim on our love, rever-

ence and obedience is based on the fact that He is the Father, the Creator of all mankind. Without Him we are not, and consequently we owe to Him existence and all that flows therefrom—all we have and all that we are. Man possessing the holy Priesthood is typical of Him. But as men on earth cannot act in God's stead as His representatives without due authority, appointment and ordination naturally follow. No man has the right to take this honor to himself, except he be called of God through the channels that He recognizes and has empowered.

Returning to the thought expressed in our opening paragraph, we recognize that there is a side to the question that must not be lost sight of, as to ignore that view would be to encourage a condition in the midst of the Saints pregnant with confusion. We have found occasionally that men blessed with some peculiar gift of the Spirit have exercised it in an unwise, shall we say, improper manner. For instance, brethren strongly gifted with the power of healing have visited far and near amongst the Saints (to the neglect sometimes of other duties,) until it has almost become a business with them, and their visits to

the homes of the Saints have assumed somewhat the character of those of a physician, and the people have come to regard the power so manifested as though coming from the man, and he himself has sometimes grown to so feel, and not that he was simply an instrument in the hands of God of bringing blessings to their house. This view is exceedingly unfortunate when indulged in, and is apt to result in the displeasure of the Lord. It has sometimes ended in the brother possessing this gift, if he encouraged such a feeling, losing his power to bless and heal. Departures from the recognized order and discipline of the Church should therefore be discountenanced and discouraged. Not, however, from any feeling on the part of the presiding officer that his domain is being invaded, or that his individual authority is imperilled because a stranger brother administers by invitation therein; but because nothing should be done that would bring discredit on the cause of truth or dishonor on the name of our God, for the honor and the glory are His and must ever be accorded to Him.

*Joseph F. Smith.*



## SOME OF OUR COMPOSERS.

EDWIN FRANCIS PARRY.

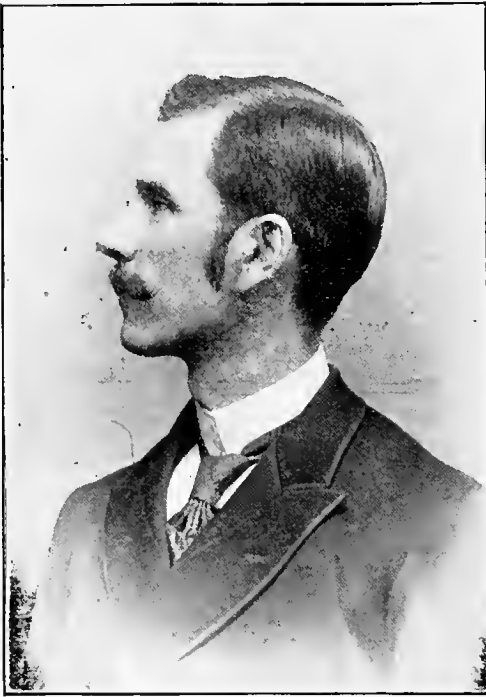
**T**HE name of Edwin F. Parry appears among those of local composers whose productions are found in our home musical publications.

He was born in Salt Lake City, June 11, 1860. His father, John Parry, Sen., a poet and musician of considerable

talent, was one of the pioneer choir leaders of Utah, who, as early as the year 1850, led the choir which sang at the regular Sunday services held in the old bowery in Salt Lake City at that period. His mother was a woman of strong character, and, being of a very

industrious disposition, sought to impress upon her children by precept and example the virtues of industry and economy.

But force of circumstances as well as training compelled the family to refrain from idleness and to cultivate habits of thrift. When Edwin was less than eight years old his father died, leaving his mother and four small children without any resources except their own hands



EDWIN F. PARRY.

and the city lot on which they dwelt. Up to this time the boy had received excellent educational training from his father, who was a practical educator, and took considerable pains to teach his children the common school branches so far as they were then capable of understanding them. He also sought diligently to impart to them such religious instructions as were suited to their capacity. Under the tutorship of his father Edwin

had learned to read and write fairly well, and had begun to master the first principles of arithmetic. His first attempt at reading aside from his school readers was from the pages of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. He well recollects reading articles from the first issues of this magazine.

The boy was of a studious and observing disposition, and possessed a desire and aptitude for learning. He attended the district schools during the winter months from his eighth to his tenth year. He then entered the Morgan Commercial College, conducted by the late Elder John Morgan, at that time the leading business college of the west. He was the youngest pupil in the bookkeeping department. Attending both the day and evening classes, he made rapid progress, and in course of time the principal informed him that were it not for his extreme youth he would give him a position in the college as teacher of bookkeeping and penmanship.

At the age of thirteen he left school and labored at various occupations, but he continued his efforts in pursuit of knowledge during spare moments. At that period he had strong inclinations for the study of art, and made application for a position where he had an idea that he would get a chance to learn the art of painting. He found no opportunity at the time for such a position, and being without the means to keep himself at an art school he found that he would have to forego his desire for studying art, and turn his attention to assisting in the support of the family by the labor of his hands. Having no one to guide him in the choice of studies, and being young and inexperienced, he undertook, during leisure hours, to master in some degree anything and everything that came in his way, with no special object in view other than to gain infor-

mation and acquire skill. With the aid of a manual he studied phonography, and mastered it sufficiently to follow an ordinary speaker.

In the fall of 1874 a position was secured for him as an apprentice in the office of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, then under the management of Elder George C. Lambert. His labors there occupied his time during the day and frequently until late in the evening. Besides these labors he had others of an ecclesiastical character. He was ordained an Elder that same fall, and shortly afterwards was called to act in the capacity of a Deacon in the ward where he resided. In fulfilling the duties of that calling he attended all meetings, social gatherings and parties held in the ward house. This of course, occupied nearly every evening in the week. Later he was appointed secretary of the Elders' quorum to which he belonged, also secretary of the ward Sunday School and of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, holding these four positions for a term of years.

Being of a religious turn of mind, which was due greatly to the early training and watchcare of his parents, he became a regular attendant at meetings, and he learned to love his religious duties, and generally performed them willingly and cheerfully; and in early life it became his chief ambition to become useful in the Church. He sensed the obligations he had accepted when called to public positions, humble though they were, and sought to be punctual and regular in the performance of duties. For fourteen years in succession he attended Sunday School each Sabbath with but one exception, and during that period he was tardy only three times. He has been a member of the Y. M. M. I. Association, and most of the time a regular attendant, since the time of its

first organization, and in succession has filled every official position in the organization—having acted as assistant secretary, secretary, librarian, organist, musical director, counselor and president.

The printing office of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR—of late years known as the George Q. Cannon & Sons Co.—had only been established a short time when the subject of this sketch began to work in it as a boy, and he grew up with the business almost from the beginning. Commencing as an errand lad, he learned to set the type, impose the forms, read the proof, run the press, mail the papers, keep the books, and in the absence of the manager look after the business. This latter responsibility fell upon him only six months after beginning to work at the office. As the business grew and branched out into the job printing and binding and book and stationery lines he made himself familiar with those branches also; but his tastes ran more in a literary direction, and he began to write for the magazine at the age of seventeen. Since then he has been a regular contributor to its columns. His contributions have been in prose, poetry and music. For years he assisted in editing the INSTRUCTOR, and frequently in the absence of the editor he conducted the editorial work entirely.

It was his labors in the printing office that first led Brother Parry to the study of music. He saw there was need for someone to set the music type for the songs published in the INSTRUCTOR and other works, so he learned to do the work. Finding that a knowledge of the rudiments of music would be of assistance to him, he applied himself to their study. The study became interesting to him, and he was not satisfied with a mere knowledge of the principles, so he entered more deeply into the pursuit of the art. What little time he could spare

he devoted to the study and practice of music. After receiving a few lessons on the cabinet organ he purchased a piano and continued his practice for a time without a teacher, although later he received a few lessons from Professor Henry E. Giles. Having so many duties in the evening, he found little opportunity for practice; but being determined in his efforts he managed to get time for practice by arising early in the morning and spending a few hours at the piano before going to his daily labors. As he progressed in the art, to which he became much attached, he interested himself in vocal music. He joined the ward choir and other musical organizations, and later became a member of the Salt Lake Tabernacle choir. With other young men of the ward in which he resided—the sixteenth—he organized a brass band and learned to play a brass instrument.

His work at the INSTRUCTOR office brought him into association with Professors Beesley, Thomas and Stephens who edited the musical works issued by that establishment, and who also contributed largely to such works. He became interested in musical composition, and, without a teacher, with the exception of the suggestions he received from the above-named composers, he pursued a course in harmony, counterpoint and fugue, patiently plodding through his text books during the spare moments he could get. To work out the exercises given in the books he carried sheets of music paper in his pocket that he might apply himself to them at every opportune moment.

It appears that the truth of the proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention," has been exemplified in his experience more than once. It was an apparent necessity that led him first to undertake to master the principles of

music; and after mastering them, to some extent at least, he experienced difficulty in finding poems suitable for setting to music—that is, words that had not already been appropriated for the purpose by composers whose productions he could not as a beginner expect or hope to improve upon or even equal. So he set himself to writing verse. He had heard President George Q. Cannon remark, in speaking about Sunday School matters, that there was a demand for suitable songs for the children of Zion. This gave him an additional incentive to court the muse. His first production in verse was the Sunday School hymn, "When shall we meet Thee, dear Savior above?" which appears in the Sunday School Song Book, set to music of his own composition. Several other songs of his writing are found in that work, and many more have appeared in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. While the most of his compositions are Sunday School songs and hymns, he has composed duets, trios, glees, choruses for male voices, anthems, etc., and several instrumental pieces. He does not follow music as a profession, although he has given private lessons in vocal as well as instrumental music. The recreation it afforded was one inducement that caused him to practice music, though he has found it to be not only a pleasure but a valuable aid to him in Church labors. As a Sunday School missionary, in which position he acted for ten years, he frequently made use of the musical ability he had in teaching new songs to the children of schools where there were no musical directors. In the ward meetings and other gatherings at home he has also found service for such talents; and in his labors abroad as a missionary his musical knowledge was brought into frequent requisition. In 1896-8 he filled a mission to Great Britain. While there



he labored as assistant editor of the *Millennial Star*, and as a counselor in the presidency of the European mission. During this mission he wrote a number of articles on Mormonism, which appeared in various periodicals of Great Britain. He also wrote a series of five tracts which are having an extensive circulation in that land. He has written and edited several volumes of our home publications—mostly Sunday School books. Since his return from a foreign mission he has been called to act as a counselor in the bishopric of the Sixteenth Ward, Salt Lake City, which position he still holds.

Brother Parry is yet a young man, with apparently the greater part of his life before him. He began to be active in early youth, and feels happiest when he has plenty to do. He believes in making good use of time, which he regards as highly valuable. His life shows what may be accomplished by the profitable use of spare moments, and by taking advantage of the ordinary opportunities presented to boys and young men who have not had the privilege of obtaining a liberal education such as might be gained in the higher institutions of learning.

*J. H. P.*



## ZIONISM, OR THE GATHERING OF THE JEWS TO PALESTINE.

**I**N the eyes of the world, no people have done so many strange things as have the Latter-day Saints. Among the strange things done by this people is, that they sent one of their Apostles, at a time when they were very few in number and when they were suffering from heavy persecution, to the land of Palestine, to dedicate that land as a gathering place for the Jews. This was done when on April 15, 1840, Apostle Orson Hyde left Commerce, afterwards renamed Nauvoo, for that purpose. The Latter-day Saints have always taught that the Jews would gather to Palestine, and in our Articles of Faith it is stated, "We believe in the literal gathering of Israel."

You might ask what was the feeling of the Jews at that time in regard to gathering to the land of Palestine? Did they then believe in it? Did they be-

lieve in it fifty years later? In some rare instances they did, but they were very few. The almost universal answer of a Jew to a question about Palestine was, that the country they were living in was good enough for them; that they had no intention of going there; that they did not know anybody who was going; that the Turks would not let them settle there if they desired to do so; and they wouldn't if they could, and they couldn't if they would. The feeling among the leading Jews was so much against emigrating to Palestine, that when the movement which has sprung up during the last ten years, which is called Zionism, materialized, all the Jewish newspapers, published as they are in so many languages, were opposed to it, many of them, quite violently, and it is only during the last two years that some of the principal Jewish newspapers

have stayed their opposition to the Zionist movement.

To one on the outside it must have seemed an extremely foolish action for Apostle Orson Hyde to take the journey and perform the solemn dedication of that land, as he did. It is, however, a great deal easier to believe in prophecies that have been fulfilled, or those that are in the process of fulfillment, than to believe that something is going to happen of which there are no apparent indications at the time.

But inside of the last ten years a spirit of gathering seems to have come to the Jews in very many lands, and five years ago the first of the Zionist congresses for that purpose was held. These congresses have been held every year since, and on December 26, 1901, one was held at Basle, Switzerland, which was attended by over a thousand delegates, representing the Jews from almost all the countries of the world.

The Zionists are the Jews who believe in emigrating to Palestine, or if they do not intend to gather there themselves, those who believe in making Jerusalem the centre stake of the Jewish religion and nationality. The leader is a Dr. Herzl, who was able to obtain an audience from Sultan Abdul Hamid lately. Dr. Herzl, in his address to the congress at Basle, stated that the sultan received him favorably, and that the sultan said that the Jews who had lately gathered to Palestine made good colonists. This must have been a very favorable expression from the sultan, as in the Mohammedan belief the Jews are below the Christians, and if a Jew wants to become a Mohammedan, he first would have to become a Christian and later on could become a Mohammedan.

The Zionists have considerable financial resources, as they claim that 130,000 members of their society are paying in

regular subscriptions. The greater portion of the very richest Jews, however, do not subscribe.

The Jews who have emigrated to Palestine during the last few years have settled in different districts. One of the districts is in Jaffa and the adjacent plain of Sharon, where they are planting orange orchards and vineyards, the Jaffa oranges being of a superior quality. Here they also manufacture wine, which they sell in Jerusalem and the surrounding country; and they export some also. They sell principally to the Christians, as it is against the Mohammedan belief to either make or drink wine.

There are colonies on the sea coast north of Caesarea, where they farm, and make glassware. The glassware is here manufactured by modern methods, in distinction to the primitive manner it is made by the other people living in these lands. It was in the country a little to the north of this that the process of making glass is said to have been first discovered:

In the Upper Jordan valley, about the waters of Merom, there are five colonies. In these colonies they construct the houses in a German fashion, with red tiled roofs. This makes a sharp contrast to all the other houses in the surrounding country, which are built with flat roofs, on which everyone sleeps for the greater portion of the year. The occupations of these people are principally agricultural, but they also manufacture perfumes from the geranium and acacia blossoms.

I met at one of these colonies a Mr. Lewis Levosky, who, although a Russian by birth, is a naturalized American citizen, who gave me considerable information about the colonies near the waters of Merom. He stated that at those colonies about \$2,000,000 is invested. Malaria was quite prevalent, but Mr. Levosky

thought that by the planting of eucalyptus trees, which they were doing for its prevention, the health of the colonists would be improved. Mr. Levosky took considerable trouble to show us around, and refused to take any pay for our meals. As it is common belief that no child of Israel could ever refuse money if offered, I mention this circumstance.

To Jerusalem the Zionists have also come in numbers during the last year or two, and the population of Jerusalem (about 50,000) is now about half Jewish. A large proportion of these new Jewish emigrants have built outside of the city of Jerusalem on the Yafa suburb. Many of them follow different trades, while others are students of the Jewish synagogues. It is a strange thing that quite a number of students study by proxy for persons living in Poland or other parts of the world. We often hear of a vicarious sacrifice, but here are cases of vicarious students. There are also numbers of old Jews who are without occupation, who await the time when their eyes will close and they can lay their bones down in the land of their fathers. Some of them have means, while others have to be supported by the alms gathered for this purpose in Europe.

The Zionists, in distinction to the older Jews, nearly all wear European or half-European dress, while the older Jews wear oriental costume. A great many of older Ashkenazim, or German Jews as they are often called, wear long ringlets on each side of their face, which, with a wide, black hat, makes the most comical appearance of any people I have ever seen. I also hear that among the older Jews there are quite a number who are polygamists, especially among the Sephardim, or Spanish Jews, as they are often called.

The Jews are divided into two divisions, who worship in different synagogues, and have different rituals and modes of worship.

The Ashkenazim, or German Jews, are the Jews of Poland, Russia, Germany, Hungary, Roumania, etc.; while the Sephardim, or Spanish Jews, are the Jews of Holland, Turkey, Morocco, etc. In many countries like England and the United States, there are Jews of both classes, but the late emigration of Jews to the United States has been almost entirely of the so-called German Jews, although they have come principally from Russia.

Although we use the term Spanish Jews, this does not mean that they have lived in Spain, as the Jews were expelled from Spain a little before the time of Columbus, and were not allowed to live in that country until recent years. A portion of the Spanish Jews are descendants of Jews expelled from Spain at that time, and a curious circumstance is, that in parts of Turkey some of them yet speak among themselves a corrupt form of Spanish, although it is over five hundred years ago that their forefathers came to Turkey.

The feeling between these branches of the same race is in many places quite strong, the Spanish Jew looking down upon his German brother. As an example of this, while stopping over for a day at Smyrna, the most important town in Asia Minor, and one of the seven churches of Asia of John the Revelator, I employed an old gentleman, a Spanish Jew, as a guide. This old gentleman took me to the places I wished to see, but on seeing some German Jews from Roumania, who had just landed to escape the persecutions of that country, he had to tell me what terrible people the German Jews were, and how dirty, untrustworthy and shiftless they were! I told

him that I had some acquaintance with German Jews in America who were honorable business men. His reply was, that some of the German Jews might be all right in America, but there were very few German Jews that were of any account in Turkey.

Although it will take time to harmonize these two branches, yet much has been done in this direction by the common purpose of Zionism.

In Jerusalem there are also a number of Chasedim (in Hebrew, the pious,) a Jewish sect organized about one hundred and fifty years ago in Russia by Israel Besht. Besht claimed to be the child foretold of by the prophet Elijah and named Israel before his birth.

An example of the difference between the old Jews of the land and the modern Zionists, both of which sections desire the accomplishment of the restoration of the land of their ancestors: while the elder Jews are to a great extent students and dreamers, the Zionists are endeavoring to bring about their ends by work and enterprise. You find the older Jews weeping and praying at a portion of the old wall of the Temple at Jerusalem, kissing the old rocks and bewailing the fallen greatness of their nationality, and, as they recite, "For the palace that is destroyed, for the walls that are overthrown, for our majesty that is departed, for the priests who have stumbled, we sit in solitude and mourn," you find the Zionists, although many of them do not take kindly to manual labor, are planting out vineyards and orchards, making farms, and building houses and other buildings.

This movement of Zionism springing up almost spontaneously and unexpectedly among the Jewish people, and com-

ing into importance so quickly, is one from which many future developments may be expected.

We must recollect that the Jews are an exceptionally intellectually gifted race, and although many of their number may be tricky in their dealings, and although many others may be perfectly honest, in many instances one is apt to think they are honest from the belief that honesty pays best, and not because they have any belief in honesty in the abstract; still from this Jewish race there has come forth, according to their population, more great financiers, more great merchants, more great musicians and more great writers than there has come forth from any other race in the world.

Statistics also show us that the Jews nearly always increase faster than the inhabitants of the countries in which they live (this may possibly be due to early marriages); and they, in spite of the unhealthy trades which many of them follow, and the unsanitary surroundings of many of the places in which they live, seem to be exempt to a great degree from certain diseases like consumption, etc., which effect their neighbors.

With a national movement, like that of Zionism among such a race as this, and with the wealth which so many of its members possess, the movement cannot help but be a great factor in the politics of Turkey, and indirectly in the affairs of many nations; and from present appearances it seems that many of the predictions in regard to the land Palestine, which until a few years looked so unlikely to come to pass, will be in a fair way to fulfillment in the immediate future.

*Thomas P. Page.*

**THE GENERAL AUTHORITIES OF THE CHURCH IN THE ORDER OF THE DATE OF THEIR BIRTH.**

	DATE OF BIRTH.	AGE LAST BIRTHDAY.
Bishop Robert T. Burton.....	25th October, 1821.....	80 years
President John R. Winder.....	11th December, 1821.....	80 years
President C. D. Fjeldsted.....	20th February, 1829.....	72 years
Bishop William B. Preston.....	24th November, 1830.....	71 years
Apostle George Teasdale.....	8th December, 1831.....	70 years
Patriarch John Smith.....	22nd September, 1832.....	69 years
Apostle M. W. Merrill.....	25th September, 1832.....	69 years
Apostle Brigham Young.....	18th December, 1836.....	65 years
President Seymour B. Young.....	3rd October, 1837.....	64 years
President Joseph F. Smith.....	13th November, 1838.....	63 years
Apostle Francis M. Lyman.....	12th January, 1840.....	62 years
President George Reynolds.....	1st January, 1842.....	60 years
President A. H. Lund.....	15th May, 1844.....	57 years
Apostle John Henry Smith.....	18th September, 1848.....	53 years
President J. Golden Kimball.....	9th June, 1853.....	48 years
President Rulon S. Wells.....	7th July, 1854.....	47 years
Apostle Heber J. Grant.....	22nd November, 1856.....	45 years
Apostle Rudger Clawson.....	12th March, 1857.....	44 years
President B. H. Roberts.....	13th March, 1857.....	44 years
Apostle John W. Taylor.....	15th May, 1858.....	43 years
Apostle M. F. Cowley.....	25th August, 1858.....	43 years
President Jos. W. McMurrin.....	5th September, 1858.....	43 years
Bishop Orrin P. Miller.....	11th September, 1858.....	43 years
Apostle Reed Smoot.....	10th January, 1862.....	40 years
Apostle Hyrum M. Smith.....	21st March, 1872.....	29 years
Apostle Abraham O. Woodruff.....	23rd November, 1872.....	29 years



**DIFFICULTIES OF ENGLISH.**

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes;  
 But the plural of ox should be oxen not oxes.  
 Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese,  
 Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.  
 You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,  
 But the plural of house is houses, not hicc.  
 If the plural of man is always called men,  
 Why shouldn't the plural of pan be pen?  
 The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,  
 But the plural of vow is vows, not vine.  
 If I speak of a foot, and you show me your feet,  
 And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?

If one tooth is a tooth, and the whole set are  
 teeth,  
 Why shouldn't the plural of booth be beeth?  
 If the singular's this, and the plural is these,  
 Should the plural of kiss be described as keese?  
 Then one may be that, and three would be those,  
 Yet hat in the plural would never be hose.  
 We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,  
 But though we say mother, we never say methren,  
 Then masculine pronouns are he, his and him;  
 But imagine the feminine -she, shis, and shin!  
 Selected.



### OLD TIMES AND NEW TIMES.

It may be that the old times  
Seemed best in spring and fall;  
But don't you think the new times  
Are good times, after all?  
Bright skies above and hearts to love,  
And many happy ways,  
Which make me think we should be glad  
We live in latter days.

I like to hear of old times,  
What wonders could be done,  
By our grandparents every day,  
Before the set of sun.  
But good as men and women then  
Could be in all their ways,  
I really think their children should  
Be more in latter days.

The telephone, electric lights,  
And all these things of worth,  
Have come because the Gospel truth  
Is lighting all the earth.  
Let's ne'er repel what old folks tell  
Of sweet, old-fashioned ways;  
But thankful be we're living in  
The new, bright latter days.

*L. L. G. R.*

### THE GOSPEL RESTORED.

TUNE: "Nay, Speak no Ill."

Come, come, ye saints, your voices raise  
Unto the Lord in songs of praise;  
Sing ye aloud the joyful strain,  
"The Gospel is restored again;  
The time's fulfilled, the angel's flown,  
And Gospel truth to man made known;  
Soon Babylon and her throngs will fall;  
The Savior reign as King of all.

Remember how our prophets fell  
Confined in Carthage prison cell.  
No guilt nor crime could justice see,  
Their lives from sin were pure and free.

Oh! martyred seers, true men of God,  
Blest is the pathway you have trod;  
Your zeal and courage, faith and love,  
Have crowned you in the heaven above.

Hasten ye heralds, journey forth,  
Call on the South, preach in the North,  
In every clime beneath the sun  
Unite the pure in heart as one;  
Go forth and in the nations spread  
The truth for which our prophets bled.  
Ye men of God arise and cry,  
"Repent, the kingdom draweth nigh!"

Let every tongue rejoice and sing  
Glad praises to the Lord, our king,  
The Son of God, the great I Am,  
The Savior, Christ, the chosen Lamb!  
Press on ye Saints, ne'er faint nor tire,  
Eternal life your soul's desire;  
Rest not until the prize you've won,  
And gained the welcome word, "Well done."

*James W. Haywood.*

### DRIFTING ALONG.

We are drifting along to the bright days—  
The sigh's giving place to the song;  
In spite of sorrow,  
We look to the morrow—  
We're drifting and drifting along!

We're drifting along to the bright days—  
The right's shining bright over wrong;  
And all of our troubles,  
Will break like the bubbles—  
We're drifting and drifting along!

### TO THE LETTER-BOX.

**Don't Kill.**

GREENVILLE, CACHE CO., UTAH.

This is my first letter to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. My `papa and mama are going to take the INSTRUCTOR this year. My Grandpa Smith has taken it ever

since the first number was printed, and has them all up to date. My papa went to Canada in 1888 with Aunt Susan and three of my uncles, and with dear Aunt Rhoda Hinman. They saw many little prairie dogs and lots of other things. When the boys were going to kill the dogs, Bishop Daines said, "We are seeking to hide. Do not kill, but let the animals hide too." My grandpa Beirdnean died last September, in Arizona. He was a good man, aged seventy-seven years. I am ten years old. I have three little sisters, and I want to do right. Your friend,

EDWARD LEAL SMITH.



**Faith in Administration.**

SEVENTH WARD, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Dear little brothers and sisters:—When I was about six years old I had the measles, and was very sick. Mama tried all kinds of medicines for me, but when she got the Elders to come and bless me, I soon got better. I am eight years old now, and I know the Elders can bless us and help us.

Your new friend,

LEONARD MIDGLEY.



**Dutiful Children.**

BRYAN, IDAHO.

We live about two miles and a half from any town. But we love to go to Sunday School, day school and Primary. We have lovely Primary meetings and Sunday Schools. We know the Gospel is true, and that there is a true and living God; and that if we do right He will hear and answer our prayers. We are trying to help our dear parents all we can, for we know that if they should leave this world we should feel sorrowful if we had not done our best to help them while they were here. We have

two little sisters and one little brother. One of our uncles is on a mission in Germany, but we expect him home in time to eat Christmas dinner with us. Another uncle came home last year just in time for our Christmas dinner. We hope our letter is not too long.

Your new friends,

IVERIA BENSON, aged 11 years.

DAISY BENSON, aged 9 years.



**Visitors at Big Horn.**

BURLINGTON, BIG HORN CO., WYOMING.

I am spending this winter in Burlington, but my home is at Herriman, Utah. We have the president and a counselor, of our Primary, from home, spending the winter with us. I go to school and like my teacher and schoolmates. There are about one hundred and fifty children in our school. I have two miles to walk to school. We have a nice Sunday School and Primary here. I have two brothers living, their names are Leslie and Elias. It is just a year ago to day, December 8, 1901, since my other little brother, Harold, died. I am nine years old. I like to read the little letters that the boys and girls write for the Letter-Box.

Your little friend,

EVA BUTTERFIELD.



**A Pet Lamb.**

CLEVELAND, BANNOCK CO., IDAHO.

I have a pet lamb named Belle. It will follow me sometimes, and I have good times with it.

HEBER RANSOM.



**"Down by the Mill."**

I have a little pony. Its name is Flackso. My papa is the miller here, and sometimes I go to the mill and take his dinner to him. On Thanksgiving

## THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

day I went with papa and mama down to grandma's and had a nice dinner.

Your new friend,  
EDGAR MITCHEL.



## A Farmer's Boy.

ROBIN, IDAHO.

My father is a farmer. I am going to school. I have a little pony whose name is Midnight. I ride him to get the cows. We have two cows, both have calves. And I have a large black dog named Duke. My brothers and sisters are all married but one sister, and she is in Logan, going to school at the Brigham Young College. I am eleven years old today, December 10, 1901.

Your little friend,  
SAM A. CUTLER.



## Work in the Cotton Field.

PRINCETOWN, N. C.

I live down here in North Carolina where cotton and tobacco grow. I have to pick cotton and warm tobacco. I am seven years old, and I go to Sunday School. I am in the primary class and my oldest sister is my teacher. Our superintendent is Elder W. A. Adams. He is from Utah. And Brother C. W. Riggs of Millville, Utah, is our conference president.

Your little friend and well wisher,  
MAMIE SASSER.



## The Elders Welcome Visitors.

PRINCETOWN, N. C.

I am a little Mormon girl, living in the old North State where peanuts and sweet potatoes grow. I am ten years old, and was baptized when I was eight by Brother J. Haws of Bear River, Utah. I like to have the Elders visit us

and teach us the Gospel. Our Sunday School takes the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I hope sometime to go to Zion and live with the Saints.

Your little friend,  
MAGGIE SASSER.



We would be pleased to have Maggie or Mamie write again, and tell the children of Utah about the growing of cotton, sweet potatoes and peanuts in North Carolina; and what Mamie means by saying she has to *warm* tobacco.

L. L. G. R.



## Smiles.

"Now, boys," said the teacher in the nature study class, "can you mention one of the higher order of animals showing the absence of teeth?"

"Yes, sir," answered Robbie. "First, there's my grandfather—"



Aunt Rachel, (giving four-year old Leister a lesson in geography): "That is East, you see."

Leister, (looking anxiously where auntie points): "No, I can't see it, Aunt Rachel. What is East, is it a man or a mountain?"



Little Eddie: "My brother never kissed his wife before they were married."

Little Ethel: "I can't believe that, Eddie, it doesn't sound natural. If you knew all about it, I think you would find he kissed her two or three times before they were married."

Eddie: "Yes, he might have kissed her, but she wasn't his wife, was she? until af—"

Ethel: "Oh, well! Smart, ain't ye?"



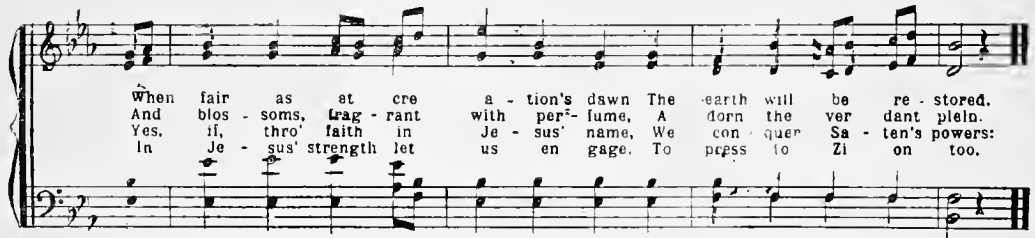
# THE GLORIOUS DAY IS ROLLING ON.

WORDS BY E. R. SNOW.

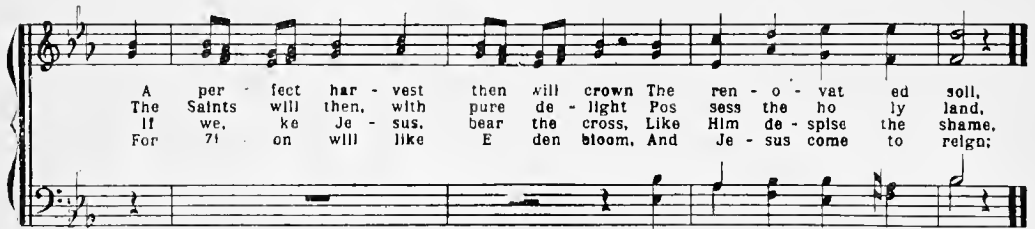
MUSIC BY H. H. PETERSEN.



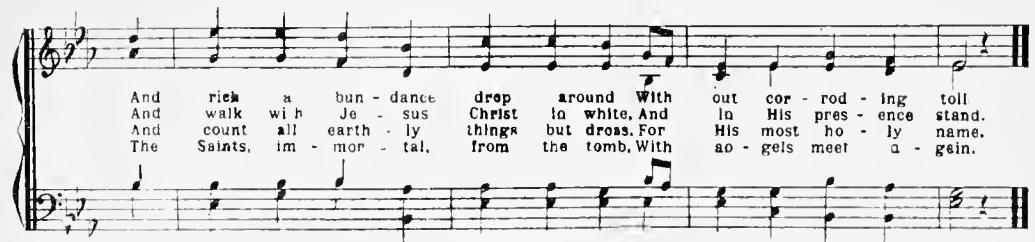
The glo - rious day is roll - ing on— All glo - ry to the Lord—  
For, in its own pri me - val bloom. Will na - ture smile a gain—  
What glo - rious pros - pects! Can we claim These hopes and call them ours?  
Then, when the powers of dark - ness rage, With glo - ry in our view,



When fair as et cre a - tion's dawn The earth will be re - stored.  
And blos - soms, frag - rant with per - lums, A dorn the ho - ly land,  
Yes, in, thro' faith in Je - sus' name, We con - quer Sa - ten's powers:  
In Je - sus' strength let us en gage. To press to Zi on too.



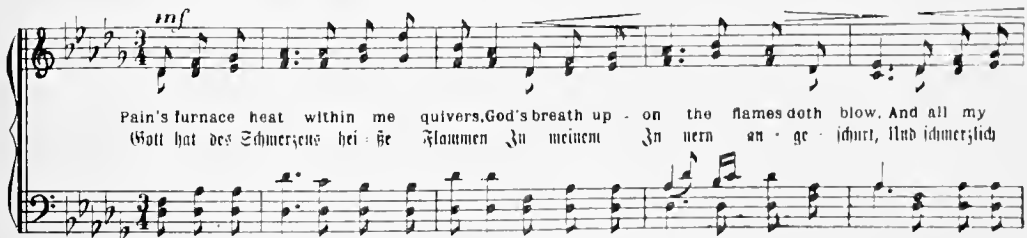
A per - fect har - vest then will crown The ren - o - vat ed soil,  
The Saints will then, with pure de - light Pos sess the ho - ly land,  
If we, like Je - sus, bear the cross, Like Him de - spise the shame,  
For? on will like E den bloom, And Je - sus come to reign:



And rich a bun - dance drop around With out cor - rod - ing toll  
And walk with Je - sus Christ in white, And in His pres - ence stand.  
And count all earth - ly things but dross. For His most ho - ly name,  
The Saints, im - mor - tal, from the tomb, With ao - gels meet a - gain.

## HOLD STILL. (ICH HALTE STILL).

ENGLISH AND GERMAN WORDS BY J. H. WARD.



Pain's furnace heat within me quivers, God's breath up - on the flames doth blow. And all my  
Gott hat des Schmerzens hei - ße Flammen In meinem In nern an - ge - schürt, und ich verzich

## THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

heart in anguish shivers, And trembles at the fier-y glow; And yet I  
 zuckt mein Herz zu - sam - men Und zit - tert von der Gluth be - rührt; Ich a - ber

whisper, as God will, And in the hottest fire hold still. And yet I  
 spreche: Wie Gott will! Und hal - te in dem Feu - er still. Ich a - ber

whis - per, as God will, And in the hot - test fire hold still.  
 spre - che: Wie Gott will! Und hal - te in dem Feu - er still.

He comes and lays my heart all heated  
 On the hard anvil minded so,  
 Into his own fair shape to beat it,  
 With his great hammer, blow on blow;  
 And yet I whisper: As God will,  
 And at His heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart, and beats it,—  
 The sparks fly off at every blow—  
 He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,  
 And lets it cool and makes it glow;  
 And yet I whisper: As God will,  
 And in His mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? For the sorrow  
 Thus only longer-lived would be.  
 The end will come, and may tomorrow,  
 When God has done His work in me.  
 So I say trusting: As God will,  
 And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely  
 Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,  
 And all His heaviest blows are surely  
 Inflicted by a Master-hand;  
 So I say, praying: As God will,  
 And, hoping in His love, hold still.

Er kommt, und eilt, mein Herz zu legen  
 Auf harten Amboss denn gewillt  
 In er, mit seines Hammers Schlägen,  
 Zu schmieden sich ein Ebenbild.  
 Ich aber spreche: Wie Gott will!  
 Und halte seinen Schlägen still.

Er hält mein Herz in seinen Händen,  
 Er schlägt es bis die Funken sprüh'n.  
 Er eilt, es hin und her zu wenden,  
 Und läßt's erkalten und erglüh'n  
 Ich aber spreche: Wie Gott will!  
 Und halte seinen Händen still.

Was frommte mir mein eit'les Gräuen?  
 Es hielt die Noth nur länger an;  
 Sie kam und wird ein Ende nehmen,  
 Wenn Gott in mir sein Werk gethan.  
 D'rum sprech' ich gläubig: Wie Gott will!  
 Und halt' ihm bis an's Ende still.

Er schürt ja nur an meinem Frommen  
 Der Schmerzen wilden Feuerbrand,  
 Und die gewicht'gen Schläge kommen  
 Von einer sicher'n Meisterband.  
 D'rum sprech' ich betend: Wie Gott will!  
 Und hoff' auf ihn und dulde still.

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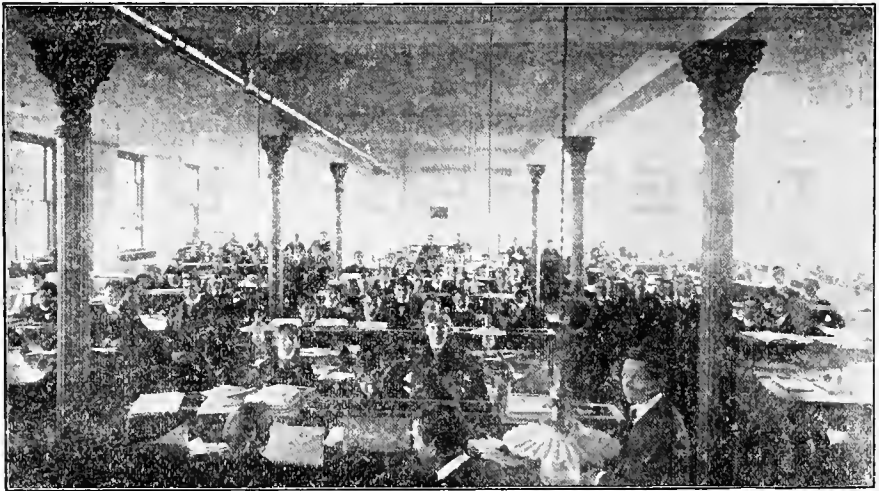
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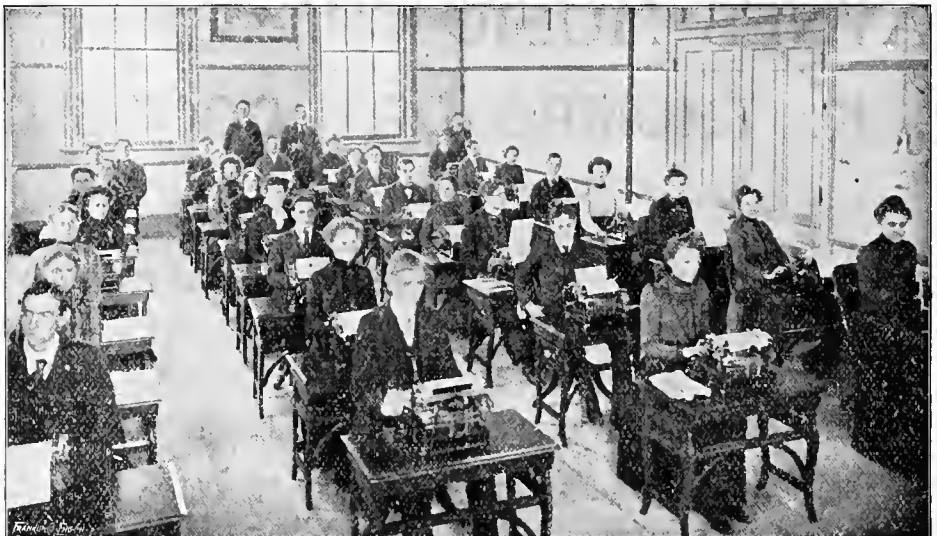
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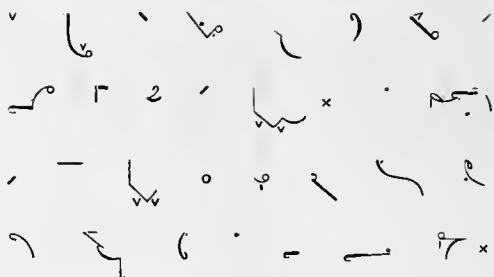
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First Prize: L. Shields, Lincoln, Utah, (time 24 seconds). Second Prize. (Best Penmanship) Miss Josie Spilsbury, 534 West 2nd South Street, City. Third Prize: (Best constructed letter) Mrs. Samuel Adams, Logan, Utah.

The Prizes given are: 1st. \$10.00 Certificate to apply on a life membership in the Brigham Young Academy Commercial College. 2nd, \$5.00 Credit Memorandum on tuition in the High School or Normal Department of the Brigham Young Academy, Provo, Utah. 3rd: \$2.00 Subscription for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for the year 1901.

The prizes for Rebus in last number will be answered in next number.



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